And I will doe it without feare or doubt,
To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet Love.
Fri. Hold then, goe home, be merry, give consent
To marry *Paris*: wednesday is to morrow,
To morrow night looke that thou lye alone,
Let not thy Nurse lye with thee in thy chamber:
Take thou this viall being then in bed,
And this distilling liquor drinke thou off,
When presently through all thy veines shall runne
A cold and drowsie humour: for no pulse
Shall keep his native progresse, but surcease;
No warmth, no breath shall testifie thou liv'st,
The roses in thy lips and cheekes shall fade
To paly ashes, thy eyes windowes fall,
Like death when he shuts up the day of life:
Each part depriv'd of supple government,
Shall stiffe and starke and cold appeare like death:
And in this borrow'd likenesse of shrunke death
Thou shalt continue two and forty houres,
And then awake as from a pleasant sleepe.
Now when the bridegroome in the morning comes,
To rowse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:
Then, as the manner of our countrey is,
In thy best robes, uncover'd on the Beere,
Be borne to buriall in thy kindreds grave:
Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault,
Where all the kindred of the *Capulets* lye:
In the meane time against thou shalt awake,
Shall *Romeo* by my Letters know our drift,
And hither shall he come: and he and I
Will watch thy waking: and that very night
Shall *Romeo* beare thee hence to *Mantua*.
And this shall free thee from this present shame,
If no inconstant joy nor womanish feare
Abate thy valour in the acting it.
Ju. Give me, give me, O tell me not of feare.
Fri. Hold, get you gone, be strong and prosperous

In this resolve: Ile send a Frier with speed
To *Mantua* with my Letters to thy Lord.
Jul. Love give me strength, and strength shall helpe afford.
Farewell deare father. *Exeunt.*

Enter Father Capulet, Mother, Nurse, *and Servingmen, two or three.*

Cap. So many guests invite as here are writ:
Sirrah, goe hire me twenty cunning Cookes.
Ser. You shall have none ill sir, for Ile try if they can licke their fingers.
Cap. How canst thou try them so?
Ser. Marrie sir it is an ill Cooke that cannot licke his owne fingers: therefore he that cannot licke his fingers goes not with me.
Cap. Goe be gone, we shall be much unfurnisht for this time: what? is my daughter gone to Frier *Laurence*?
Nur. I forsooth.
Cap. Well, he may chance to doe some good on her,
A peevish selfe-will'd harlotry it is.

Enter Juliet.

Nur. See where she comes from shrift with merrie looke.
Cap. How now my head-strong, where have you beene gadding?
Jul. Where I have learnt to repent the sinne
Of disobedient opposition
To you and your behests, and am injoin'd
By holy *Laurence* to fall prostrate here,
To begge your pardon: pardon I beseech you,
Henceforward I am ever rul'd by you.
Cap. Send for the County, goe tell him of this,
Ile have this knot knit up to morrow morning.
Jul. I met the youthfull Lord at *Laurence* Cell,
And gave him what becommed love I might,
Not stepping ore the bounds of modesty.
Cap. Why I am glad ont, this is well, stand up,
This is as 't should be, let me see the County:
I marry, goe I say and fetch him hither.